

(2)
THE
Royal Conquerers,
A
POEM,
In Honour of the late Signal
VICTORY

OVER THE
FRENCH and BAVARIANS,

In the Empire of *Germany*, by our Sovereign Lady Queen *Ann's* Forces, in conjunction with her *Allies*, under the auspicious Conduct of that matchless Son of Valour, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, &c.

by N. B.

B R I S T O L,

Printed by *W. Bonny* for the Author. 1704.

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. of
the City and County of Bristol, all Health and Happi-
ness.

Gentlemen,

GREAT Things the Lord of Hosts hath lately done
For us, and from us great things he expects;
May you the Cities Magistrates lead on
The way, and others trace your pious Traëts.

God likes Heart-praise by vocal Sounds exprest,
But Life-praise is the Praise that he loves best.

Septemb. 7.
1704.

Gentlemen, I am your
most humble Servant, and
daily Orator,

N. B.



To the candid Reader.

IF any ask the Reason why I writ
This Poem, here presented to thy view;
Know, 'twas to please my fancy, and if it
Please thee, no hurt is done to me nor you.
If this goes off, you may command my store,
The vintage of my Muse can yield thee more
Penn'd for diversion-sake, lately and heretofore.

Farewel.

THE
 Royal Conquerers,
 A
 POEM.

I Stood amaz'd at first, I could not bear
 The sad-glad Tidings that harangu'd mine Ear;
 Nor, knew I whither it were best to break
 The Chains of silence, or forbear to speak
 My Mind in Numbers, Numbers at whose sound
 The Hills might Eccho, and the Dales rebound.
 Then, I resolv'd distinctly to rehearse
 My Grief, my Joy in a becoming Verse;
 Grief, I confess did first my Spirit's invade;
 I griev'd to think what work the Sword had made
 In Foreign Lands; what hurt the wasting Fire
 Had done, th' Effects of Military Ire;
 And why this? but to gratifie the lust
 Of a false Tyrant in a Cause unjust:

I griev'd, to think that Protestant's and Friends
 By bloody Broils came to untimely ends :
 But them I leave to God, if good, they pass
 From Death to Life when thus they breath'd their last,
 O happy they that lost their vital-Breath
 On Earth, to gain in Heaven a glorious Wreath!
 But Signal Conquests which to God belong,
 Claim justly of me a Triumphant Song.

Heroic Acts done on Germanick-Plains,
 I mean to sing of in *Heroic strains.*

All kind of Government is good save when
 It is ill manag'd by unworthy Men.

'Twas the *French-Christian, Antichristian-Turk,*
 Cut out for *Europe* bloody Martial Work.

That Monarchy is most infortunate
 Where Tyrant wrong usurps the Chair of State.
 Unhappy *France!* that Harbours such a Man
 Whole Will's a Law, and will do all he can!
Lewis of *France*, the Devil's second Son,
 By villainous Counsel hath himself undone ;
Belzebub, Prince of the Low-Countries Hell,
 The shaveling Priests and Jesuites that excel
 For Treacheries, Murthers and all Villanies
 That e're were acted underneath the Skies
 Put him on Tyrant work t'exile and kill
 His Prot'stant Subjects, and to Rule by will
 In his own Realms; and then with warlike Bands,
 To vex, disturb and conquer foreign Lands.

These Motions pleas'd, and now ambitious thirst,
 To make his Grandeur greater then at first,
 He Tyrant turns, and (not subdu'd in time)
 Cuts Prot'stants Throats by whom he first did climb,
 Sheds store of Blood, doth carelessly despise
 To hear oppressed Subject's heavy Cries:
 Then, reaching after the Imperial Crown
 All Leagues are broke, the dearest Things thrown down.

Seldom in Peace into his Grave he goes
 Whose Hands with Blood, whose Heart with Treason flows.

Lewis that strain'd the Pins of Rule too high,
 Doth fear them most, who fear'd his Cruelty;
 Him the *Cevennes* urge who bravely broke
 From off their griev'd Necks his slavish Yoke:
 For them th' Almighty stands and still doth bless
 His cause they manage, with admir'd Success:
 Him the confederated Allies vex
 And to his arbitrary Sway put checks;
 All arm'd with Out-rage either less or more,
 Do strike at him who struck at all before.

Lewis that thought his ends to bring about
 Receiv'd from the Allies a signal Rout:
 He had a great (such as it was) good will
 (And Prot'stants Papists love to slash and kill)
 But wanted Pow'r, (God's Providence was such,)
 To cut in pieces th' *English* and the *Dutch*:
 The *French* King that had laid for others Snares,
 Himself is 'tangled in them unawares.

He that the ruin of our Armies fought,
 By ours, his Armies were to ruin brought.
 Greatness in point of Rule gives means t' aspire,
 Advancement feeds Ambition with desire:
Marlbrough's Duke, his mounting Spirit made
 Him win the Field, his Fame shall never fade:
 Men practice what they see by Gen'als done;
 Not *Marlbrough's* go ye, but his come ye won.

The Battle described.

The Silver Trumpets sound, the Drums do beat
 The Banners fly, th' enrag'd Armies meet,
 Are soon engag'd; both, to divide their Blows,
 That Friends, on both sides fell as well as Foes.
 The noisy Thunder that with ruin runs,
 From the hot Bowels of the murth'rous Guns
 Astuns the Air, the Bullets fly around
 And with dead Carcasses bestrew the Ground;
 Swords against Swords; the Pikes ran-counter Pikes;
 That Man kills this, one in a fury strikes
 This Man's Head off, his Arms anohter cuts,
 Ones Foot's entangled in anothers Guts.
 That Man's unhors'd, this Man as fiercely grim
 Thrusts the Man through that had unhorsed him.

Sad Spectacle! O the lamenting Groans
 Of mangled Soldiers, and of wounded ones!
 The Streams of purple Blood that overflow

The Fields, these were the dismal Scenes of Woe :
 The Armies conflicts made a louder roar,
 Then bellowing *Billows* on the *Caspian* Shore.

No side, was willing to cease fighting first,
 But both sides did their best to do their worst :
 The fight was hot, valour on both Sides tri'd,
 At length *Victoria* took to th' strongest side.

'Twas God led *Marlborough* into the Field,
 Fought for, and with us, made our En'mies yield :
 'Twas God gave int' our Hands our En'mies Camps,
 Artill'ry, Cannon, Baggage : caus'd cold damps
 To seize their Vitals, scattering all around,
 Such dire confusion as was scarce e're found.
 God must have all the Glory it is true,
 Yet no mean Honour is to *Marlborough* due ;
 Into the Field the God of Battle went,
 The *Agent* conquer'd by his Instrument.

Gen'als thirteen *Marlb'rough* took Prisoners,
 And at least fifteen Hundred Officers :
 He forty Thousand took, and on the Ground
 Left dead ; and Thousands more were River-drown'd.
 The *Roman Caesar* and *Great Pompey*, two
 War-Thunderbolts, the like did never do :
 Nay, *Alexander's* conquering proceeds,
 Were Toys compar'd with nobler *Marlboroughs* deeds :
 The like Exploits scarce since the World began
 Were done till now, by any Mortal Man.

Great William, rather *William the Great*,
 Oft beat *French-Lewis* in his martial heat :
 Oppos'd him since ; great his Successes were,
 He led the Van, *Marlborough* brings up the Rear.
Marlborough retriev'd when it was at a stand,
 The honour of our cowardized Land.
Marlborough the Glory of the *English* Isle
 Caus'd *Europe's* misery it self to smile :
 All the Allies have not done half so much
 Tow'rds *Europe's* Peace, as th' *English* and the *Dutch*.
 He that of valourous Acts now leads the Van,
 Is the World's *Non-such*, a true *English-Man*.
 His Grace's Acts heroical shall have
 Rewards that shall out-shine the darksom Grave :
 May he go on, and by his frightful Name,
 Enforce Squire *Anjou* back from whence he came.
 The *French* King's projects now are bubble-broke,
 Doubtless, a very mortifying Stroke ;
 Good *Monsieur*, quite withdraw thy *European-Yoke*. }
 The Battle's fought! *Victoria* gives a Shout,
 And for the Conqu'rors Brows holds Laurels out :
Bellona's martial rage is blown away,
 Fierce Instruments of War have leave to play ;
 The Sword glutt'd with Blood ashamed hides
 And in it's Scabbard for a while abides ;
 The laden Guns once skilful to destroy,
 By Powder only now express their Joy.

Now th' hollow sounding Drums, their plan, plan, plans;
 The Trump's Tan-tara's, tara-tan-tara Tans,
 And Shouts of Triumph raised then and there,
 By joyful Victors, rend the frightened Air.

A Chronogram.

Her Majesty hath a signal Conquest got,
In this year, Do not Let It be forgot. } **MDCLLIII.**

Io triumph, the English Lyons roar,
 Makes the French Lilies paler then before :
 Io triumph in Royal Anna's Reign,
 Armies are conquer'd, wounded, taken, slain.
 Her Majesty triumphs, her People sing,
 And all the Bells in ev'ry Steeple ring :
 The Bonfires blaze, Illuminations bright
 Cast dazzling lustre on the owl-ey'd Night.
 Our God fought for us, for us overcame
 Two Union'd Armies, praised be his Name.

A Hymn, or Song of Praise.

Eternal God! the God of Love,
 Praise is a Debt thy Creatures owe;
 Thy Name ~~be~~ praised there above;
 Thy Name be praised here below.
 How glorious! O how marvellous
 Are all thy loving kindnesses,

With which thou hast enriched us,
 Who always thy commands transgress!
 Thou mad'st us, thou our Wants suppli'st,
 Afford'st us thy Protection;
 Redem'dst us with the Blood of Christ,
 Thine only dear Eternal Son.
 Thou God of War, the Lord of Hosts,
 Thy strength begirting us about,
 Our Arms in the Germanick Coasts,
 Have giv'n thy Foes a total Rout.
 Th' Almighty God hath led the Van;
 By his right hand the Field is gain'd;
 When was there since the World began,
 A nobler Victory obtain'd?
 The Queen in her Cathedral-Paul's,
 Her Peers and People in vast throngs,
 In Churches, Colledges and Halls,
 And elsewhere, sing triumphal Songs.
 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 O Lord of Hosts, we thee adore;
 Thy Name we praisingly record,
 And hope to do it evermore.

A Chronogram.

May the French Tyrant, and his Brat at Spain,
 Together fall In Anna's present Reign.

MDCLLIII.

The lively Character of our Sovereign Lady

Quick to dispatch Things needful to be done ;
Slow to revenge her self on any one.

Unmov'd in her resolves ; a fixed Star,
Fit to command in Peace, direct in War.

Esteeming highly *Him* she did betroth :
Firm to her Sacred Coronation Oath.

Enriching *Levites* on whom Fortune frowns,
By Canon ord'ed to wear shorter Gowns.

No Realm so blest as where a good Prince reigns,
That tenders publick more than private Gains.

A vice-abhorrer, forward to suppress
Stage-play Prophaneness, and all viciousness;

None more averse (for She oppresses none)
To act the Tygress on a lawless Throne.

Never unto Morosity inclin'd;
Serenely sweet, to all her People kind.

Equally lov'd by all that do
Fear God, your Church-men and Dissenters too.

THE GREAT, because no Queen but She is found,
To Rule and Reign in the terrestrial round.

THE GOOD, because a Prot'stant Queen possessest
Of the chief good, and in all good things blest.

Hearty well-Wishes to the three States of this Queendome.

O May the best of Queens bear long Command,
That Sways three Queendoms with a gentle Hand,
May Lady *Ann* whom th' highest Lord defends,
Whose Foes he ruins, still protect his Friends :

O may they live abhorr'd and die accurst,
That seek the downfal of Queen *Ann* the first.

O may the Honourable House of Peers,

Of late the Nation's Representatives,
Still joyn Queen *Ann* t' ensure for after-Years

Our Birth-right Freedoms, dearer then our Lives;
So shall the shine of their illustrious Names
Continue till the World's dissolv'd by Flames.

O may the House of Commons lay aside

Their private Pikes (which Patriots ill become)
And never meet in order to divide,

W'have War abroad, may they keep Peace at home :
So shall they build them Pillars of Renown,
Which no Efforts of time shall batter down.

To the Church of (God in) *England* Truth and Peace

GOD's Word's the only rule of Faith and Life,
And all Men are to give good heed thereto ;
Men's Law-Rules oft serve to engender Strife,

God's teach to Life, what to believe and do.

Christ is supreme ; above him there is none ;

He'll have no Equals in the Conscience-Throne ;

Let's to keep Peace with him, be rul'd by him alone.

